

*The Historie of*

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,  
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,  
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is *Demglaas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,

*Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,  
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head  
Of gallant Warriours, noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the land togeather;  
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,  
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;  
And many moe *Coriuales*, and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no lesse: yet, needfull 'tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:  
For if Lord *Percy* thrue not ere the King  
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacie,  
And, tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe  
To other friendes, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,  
Above yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The Southerne winde  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,  
Foretels a Tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The Trumpet soundes. Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of *Worcester*? tis not well,  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,

*As*

*Henrie the fourth*

As now we meete. You haue deceiued  
And made vs doffe our easie Robes  
To crush our old lims in vngentle  
This is not well, my Lord, this is no  
What say you to it? will you againe  
This churlish knot of all abhorred  
And moue in that obedient orbe againe  
Where you did giue a faire and nat  
And be no more an exhal'd Metec  
A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischief to the vnborn

*Wor.* Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be wel  
To entertaine the lag-end of my life  
With quiet houres: For I protest,  
I haue not fought the day of this di

*King.* You haue not fought it: it is

*Fals.* Rebellion lay in his way, a

*Prim.* Peace, Chewet peace.

*Wor.* It please your Maiesty to  
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all our  
And yet I must remember you my  
Wee were the first and dearest of yo  
For you, my Staffe of office did I br  
In *Richards* time, and posted day and  
To meete you on the way, and kisse  
When yet you were in place, and in  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as  
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his  
That brought you home, and boldly  
The danger of the time. You swore  
And you did sweare that Oath at *D*  
That you did nothing of purpose ga  
Nor claime no further, then your ne  
The feate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of *La*  
To this, we sweare our ayde: but in  
It rained downe Fortune showing o  
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell o